

Thos. Walton
NIMROD'S
SONGS of the CHACE;
THE BEST COLLECTION
OF
HUNTING SONGS

EVER PRESENTED TO THE
Lovers of that delightful Sport.

WITH AN ANIMATED
Description of a Fox-Chace,
AND
A SUPERB PRINT
OF
A Stag-Hunt, near Windsor,

WITH EXACT LIKENESSES OF
THE KING,
Prince of Wales, and Duke of York,

The whole compiled (with Permission) from
The Hunting Register of the Windsor Nimrod,

Hark ! what loud shouts
Re-echo thro' the groves ! he breaks away !
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling bound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all, and joy.
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyself ! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval, and ease from pain !

SOMERVILLE,

L O N D O N :

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82

Henry Hallen.

TO THE
COUNTESS of SALISBURY.

MADAM,

WHILE the generality of your sex are exercising the art of Ninon, in making their faces at the mirror of fashion, it is no small pleasure to the sons of the chace to behold in their train round Hatfield's blissful scenes, Diana's fairest daughter, whose beauty beams inexpressible loveliness, while her spirit in the chace captivates and charms. That I have selected you for this tribute of my esteem will create no surprise; our souls are congenial in this delightful amusement, and the hunting pleasures of Windsor and Hatfield are the common theme of every lover of the chace around us.— That you may be long an ornament to your sex, and an encourager of this first of rural delights, is the sincere wish of,

Madam,

Windsor, Feb.

23, 1788.

Your Ladyship's devoted,

And ardent admirer,

THE WINDSOR NIMROD.

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DESCRIPTION

OF A

FOX-CHACE.

A FOX-CHACE is not easy to be described—yet as even a faint description of it may serve, to a certain degree, as an answer to the various questions which many are pleased to make concerning that diversion, I shall prosecute my attempt in such a manner as I think may suit the purpose of the reader best. As I fear it may read ill, it shall not be long. A gentleman to whose understanding Nature had most evidently been sparing of her gifts, as often as he took up a book, and met with a passage which he could not comprehend, was used to write in the margin opposite *matiere embrouillée*, and gave himself no further concern about it. As different causes have been known to produce the same effects, should the reader treat me in like manner,

I shall think it the severest censure that can be passed upon me. Somerville, I apprehend, was no great Fox-hunter; yet all he says on the subject of hunting is so sensible and just, that I shall turn to his account of Fox-hunting, and quote it where I can. The hour most favourable to the diversion, is certainly an early one; nor do I think I can fix it better than to say, the hounds should be at the cover at sun-rising. Let us suppose that we are arrived at the cover-side.

———delightful scene!

Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

SOMERVILLE.

Now let your Huntsman throw in his hounds as quietly as he can, and let the two Whippers-in keep wide of him on either hand, so that a single hound may not escape them; let them be attentive to his halloo, and be ready to encourage, or rate, as that directs; he will of course, draw up the wind, for reasons which I shall give in another place. Now, if you can keep your brother sportsmen in order, and put any discretion into them, you are in luck; they more frequently do harm than good: if it be possible, persuade those who wish to halloo the Fox off, to stand quiet under the cover side, and on no account to halloo him too soon: if they do, he most certainly will turn back again: could you en-
tice

tice them all into the cover, your sport, in all probability would not be the worse for it.

How well the hounds spread the cover! the huntsman you see is quite deserted, and his horse, who so lately had a croud at his heels, has not now one attendant left. How steadily they draw! you hear not a single hound; yet none are idle. Is not this better than to be subject to continual disappointment, from the eternal babbling of unsteady hounds?

——— See how they range

Dispersed, how busily this way and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.

SOMERV.

How musical their tongues!—And as they get nearer to him, how the chorus fills!—Hark! he is found.—Now, where are all your sorrows, and your cares, ye gloomy souls! or where your pains and aches, ye complaining ones! one halloo has dispelled them all. What a crash they make! and echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished traveller forsakes his road, lured by its melody; the listening plowman now stops his plow; and every distant shepherd neglects his flock,

flock, and runs to see him break. What joy!
what eagerness in every face!

How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval, and ease from pain!

SOMERV.

Mark how he runs the cover's utmost limits, yet
dares not venture forth; the hounds are still too
near!—that check is lucky!—now if our friends
head him not, he will soon be off—hark! they hal-
loo: by G—d he's gone!

—————Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away:
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all, and joy.

SOMERV.

Now Huntsman get on with the head hounds;
the Whipper-in will bring on the others after you:
keep an attentive eye on the leading hounds, that
should the scent fail them, you may know at least
how far they brought it.

Mind *Galloper*, how he leads them!—it is dif-
ficult to distinguish which is first, they run in such
a style; yet *be* is the foremost hound. The good-
ness of his nose is not less excellent than his speed:
How

How he carries the scent ! and when he loses it, see how eagerly he flings to recover it again !--- There---now he's at head again !---see how they top the hedge !---now, how they mount the hill !---observe what a head they carry ; and shew me, if thou canst, one shuffler or skirter amongst them all : Are they not like a parcel of brave fellows, who, when they engage in an undertaking determine to share the fatigue, and its dangers, equally amongst them ?

—————Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course ; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls, in vain the ditch
Wide gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain ;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up the opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft :
So ships in Winter seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then tofs'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

SOMERV.

It was then the Fox I saw, as we came down the hill ; those crows directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he passed along. The hounds are now on the very spot, yet the sheep stop them not, for they dart beyond them. Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain ! *Gallop* no longer keeps his place, *Brusher* takes it---see how

how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs ! How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it---yet *Victor* comes up a-pace. He reaches him!---see what an excellent race it is between them!---it is doubtful which will reach the cover first. How equally they run!---how eagerly they strain!---now Victor,---Victor!---ah ! Brusher, you are beaten ; Victor first tops the hedge.—See there ! see how they all take it in their strokes ! the hedge cracks with their weight ; so many jump at once.

Now hastes the Whipper-in to the other side of the cover ; he is right, unless he head the Fox.

Heav'ns ! what melodious strains ! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy ! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony ; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.

SOMERV.

Listen!---the hounds have turned.---They are now in two parts : The Fox has been headed back, and we have changed at last.---Now, my lad, mind the huntsman's halloo, and stop to those hounds which he encourages.---He is right ! that, doubtless, is the hunted Fox :---Now they are off again.

What lengths we pass ! where will the wand'ring chace
Lead us bewilder'd ! smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.

See

See my brave pack; how to the head they press,
 Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
 Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
 The vollied thunder breaks!

————— Look back and view
 The strange confusion of the vale below,
 Where fore vexation reigns;—

————— Old age laments
 His vigour spent: The tall, plump, brawny youth
 Curses his cumbrous bulk! and envies now
 The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd,
 With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
 Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleasing toils.

SOMERV.

Ha! a check.—Now for a moment's patience!—
 we press too close upon the hounds!—Huntsman,
 stand still; as yet they want you not.—How ad-
 mirable they spread! how wide they cast! is there
 a single hound that does not try? if there be, never
 shall he hunt again. There, *Trueman* is on the
 scent—he feathers, yet still is doubtful—'tis right!
 how readily they join him! see those wide casting
 hounds, how they fly forward to recover the ground
 they have lost!—mind *Lightning*, how she dashes;
 and *Mungo*, how he works! old *Frantic* too, now
 pushes forward; she knows, as well as we, the Fox
 is sinking.

————— Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
 To black despair. But one loose more, and all
 His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now

B

The

The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots;
 The leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
 Thro' ev'ry homestead, and thro' ev'ry yard,
 His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies.

SOMERV.

Huntsman! at fault at last? how far did you bring the scent; have the hounds made their own cast? now make yours. You see that sheep-dog has coursed the Fox;—get forward with your hounds, and make a wide cast.

Hark! that hollow is indeed a lucky one. If we can hold him on, we may yet recover him; for a Fox so much distressed, must stop at last. We shall now see if they will hunt, as well as run; for there is but little scent, and the impending cloud still makes that little less. How they enjoy the scent! see how busy they all are, and how each in his turn prevails.

Huntsman! be quiet! whilst the scent was good, you pressed on your hounds; it was well done: when they came to a check, you stood still, and interrupted them not: they were afterwards at fault; you made your cast with judgment, and lost no time. You now must let them hunt; with such a cold scent as this, you can do no good; they must do it all themselves; lift them now, and not a hound will stoop again.

He 4

Ha! a high road, at such a time as this, when the tenderest-nosed hound can hardly own the scent!—another fault! that man at work, then, has headed back the Fox. Huntsman! cast not your hounds now, you see they have over-run the scent; have a little patience, and let them, for once, try back.

We now must give them time: See where they bend towards yonder furze brake—I wish he may have stopped there!—mind that old hound how he dashes o'er the furze; I think he winds him;—Now for a fresh *entapis*!—Hark! they halloo!—aye, there he goes.

It is nearly over with him; had the hounds caught view he must have died. He will hardly reach the cover; see how they gain upon him at every stroke!—It is an admirable race! yet the cover saves him.

Now be quiet, and he cannot escape us, we have the wind of the hounds, and cannot be better placed:—how short he runs!—he is now in the very strongest part of the cover. What a crash! every hound is in, and every hound is running for him. That was a quick turn!—again another!—he's put to his last shift.—Now *Mischief* is at his heels, and death is not far off.—Ha! they all stop at once;—all silent, and yet no earth is open.

Listen!—now they are at him again!—did you hear that hound catch view? they over-ran the scent, and the Fox had laid down behind them. Now, Reynard, look to yourself!—how quick they all give their tongues!—Little *Dreadnought*, how he works him! the terriers too, they now are squeaking at him. How close *Vengeance* pursues! how terribly she presses!—it is just up with him!—Gods! what a crash they make; the whole wood resounds!—that turn was very short!—there!—now!—aye, now they have him! who-hoop!

NIMROD'S

N I M R O D's

Songs of the Chace,

©c. ©c.

S O N G.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away !
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds,
Rebukes our too tedious delay;
What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox,
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies,
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies,

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals shouting, and gay,
How sweet is the bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day ;

With

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours,
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G.

NO sport to the chace can compare,
 So manly the pleasure it yields;
 How sweet, how refreshing that air,
 Inhal'd in the woods and the fields!
 As we rush in pursuit, new scenes still appear,
 New landscapes encounter the eye;
 Not Handel's sweet music more pleases the ear,
 Than that of the hounds in full cry.

New strength from the chace we derive;
 Its exercise purges the blood:
 How happy that mortal must live,
 Whose sport yields both phyfic and food!
 So new and so varied its charms, they ne'er cloy
 Like those of the bottle and face;
 The oftener, the harder, the more we enjoy,
 The more we're in love with the chace,

S O N G.

S O N G.

WHEN the morning peeps forth, and the
zephyr's cool gale
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and
dale,
Up, ye nymphs and ye swains, and together we'll
rove
Up hill and down valley, by thicket and grove ;
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn and the cry of the
hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth,
All the blessings I ask is the blessing of health ;
So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys,
No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys.
Then follow, &c.

O'er hill, dale and woodlands with raptures we
roam,
Yet returning still find the dear pleasures at home ;
Where the chearful good humour gives honesty
grace,
And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the
face.
Then follow, &c.

S O N G.

SONG.

HARK ! hark ! the joy-inspiring horn,
 Salutes the rosy, rising morn,
 And echoes thro' the dale ;
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
 The hounds quick-scented scour the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
 The brisk, high mettled, starting steed,
 The jovial pack pursue ;
 Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
 The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter makes,
 There pants a while for breath ;
 When now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunts descry, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,
 She faints, she falls, she dies ;
 The distant courfers now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 'Till Echo rends the skies.

SONG.

S O N G.

HARK! away! 'tis the merry ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up in the morn,
To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
To unharbour the outlying deer.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

And all the day long,
This, this is our song;
Still hallowing,
And following,
So frolic and free;
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds,
No mortals on earth are so happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow,
While the hills they all echo, hillo!
With a bounce from his cover he flies,
Then our shouts shall resound to the skies,
And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb
Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel?
Which alone they who taste can reveal.
And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,
 Then we will go halloing home,
 With hallo, hallo, and huzza,
 Resolving to meet the next day.
 And all the day long, &c.

S O N G.

COME, rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters all
 cry,
 We've got a good scent, and a fav'ring sky;
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,
 Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
 Peeps in at our windows, and calls to the chase;
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you perhaps to lie down;
 And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown:
 But tell her, that love must to hunting give place;
 For as well as her charms, there are charms in the
 chase.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy;
 At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly;
 They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll;
 We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl,
 There

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the King,
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;
To George peace and glory may Heaven dispense,
And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

S O N G.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn;
And bids the hunter rise,
The opening hound returns the sound,
And echo fills the skies;
And echo fills the skies.
See ruddy health more dear than wealth,
On yon blue mountain's brow;
The neighing steed invokes our speed,
And Reynard trembles now;
The neighing steed, &c.

In ancient days, as story says,
The woods our fathers fought;
The rustic race ador'd the chace,
And hunted as they fought.
Come let's away, make no delay,
Enjoy the forest's charms;
Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
And rest in Chloe's arms.

S O N G.

THE morning is charming, all nature looks gay,
Away, my brave boys, to your horses away,
For the prime of our humour's in quest of the hare;
We have not so much as a moment to spare.
Hark the lively ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds,
To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds.

O'er highlands and lowlands, and woodland we fly,
Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry,
So match'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they run,
Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of the
 sun;
Health, joy and felicity dance in the rounds,
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline:
A chase of two hours, or more, she has led;
She's down, look about you—they have her—she's
 dead.

How glorious a death! to be honour'd with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

S O N G.

OF THE CHACE.

21

S O N G.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
gold,

And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
behold :

How the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our delay !
With the sports of the field there's no pleasures can
vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
Court,

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunt s fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name,

And

And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy, hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health,
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to
roam,

And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home,
With the sports of the field, &c.

S O N G.

THE early horn salutes the morn
That gilds this charming place,
With chearful cries bids Echo rise,
And join the jovial chace,
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrystal floods,
All return the enliv'ning sound.

S O N G.

WITH horns and with hounds I awaken the
day,
And hie to my woodland walks away;

I tuck

OF THE CHACE.

23

I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon;
With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

S O N G.

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day,
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.
Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew;
While the season invites, with all its delights,
The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns;
To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,
Their matins they chant as they merrily quest.
Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,
To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
While joyous from valley to valley resounds
The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
Then hark, &c.

See

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
 Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate,
 Borne by their bold courfers no danger they fear,
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.
 Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
 And scorn the dull pleasures of sleeping in down;
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health,
 Then hark, &c.

S O N G.

COME rouse from your trances!
 The fly morn advances,
 To catch sluggish mortals in bed;
 Let the horn's jocund note
 In the wind sweetly float,
 While the fox from the break lifts his head;
 Now creeping,
 Now peeping,
 The fox from the break lifts his head;
 Each away to his steed,
 Your goddess shall lead,
 Come follow, my worshipers, follow,
 For the chace all prepare,
 See the hounds snuff the air,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet halloo!

Hark

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
 See Reynard breaks cover,
 The hunters fly over the ground;
 Now they skim o'er the plain,
 Now they dart down the lane,
 And the hills, woods, and vallies resound:
 With dashing,
 And splashing,
 The hills, wood and vallies resound:
 Then away with full speed,
 Your goddes shall lead,
 Come follow, my worshippers, follow;
 O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
 If you stop you're too late,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hallo

 S O N G.

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of the
 horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasures decline?
 For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
 Nor quit him till panting he lies;
 While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
 And chace the swift hare till he dies.

D

Then

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,
 Both willing and joyous repair;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields.
 Than chasing the fox or the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman
 attend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found;
 For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground,

S O N G.

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the
 vale,

Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,
 To charm us to barter for ignoble rest
 The joys which true pleasure can raise in the breast,
 The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
 And the cry of the huntsman is hark, hark away,
 Then wherefore defer we one moment our joys?
 Haste, haste, let's away, so to horse my brave boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chase,
 Where meaner delights to more noble give place?
 While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,
 From valley to valley re-echoes the cry:

Out

OF THE CHACE.

29

Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear,
We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old
Care;
Forgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds,
Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

S O N G.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does
adorn,
How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn,
When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain;
But still we pursue and now come in view of the
glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear he redoubles his speed:
But oh! 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the
cries,
For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants, till with well-scented hounds sur-
rounded he dies.

D 2

S O N G.

S O N G.

LET the gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run,
 Well, who cares a jot?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light;
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

S O N G.

COME, ye sportsmen so brave, who delight in
 the field,
 Where the bud-barren mountains fresh raptures can
 yield,
 With the health-breathing chace rouse the soul with
 delight,
 With the jolly God, Bacchus, be jovial at night.
See

See the high mettled steeds ! where snorting they
fly !

While, staunch, the dogs cover the ground in full
cry !

While staunch, while staunch, the dogs cover the
ground in full cry !

How can ye, my boys, from such sports now refrain,
When the horn's chearful sound calls you forth to
the plain ?

Poor Puffey ! she flies, and seems danger to scorn,
Then redoubles her speed as she bounds o'er the
lawn.

See the high mettled steeds, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the scent of the hounds ;
Through hedge-rows she creeps, and sculks o'er
the downs :

Brush them in, my bold hearts ! she sits panting
for breath !

The victim is seiz'd—Hark ! the horn sounds her
death.

See the high-mettled steeds, &c.

S O N G.

LAST Valentine's day when bright Phœbus
shone clear,

I had not been hunting for more than a year :

I mounted

I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him
bound,

For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns
sweetly found,

Taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo.

Hallo into covert, old Anthony cries,

No sooner he spoke, but the fox, Sir, he 'spies;

This being the signal he then crack'd his whip,

Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.

Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a
pin,

He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in;

And as he crept out, why he spy'd the old Ren',

With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to his
den.

Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good
As ever broke covert, or dashed through the
wood;

Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die,

Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry,

Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or
more,

Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and swore,

But

But Reynard being spent soon must give up the
ghost,

Which will heighten our joys when we come to
each toast.

Taleo, &c,

The day's sport being over the horns we will
found,

To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound,

So fill up your glassses and chearfully drink,

To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink,

Taleo, &c.

S O N G.

BRIGHT dawns the day with rosy face,
That calls the hunters to the chace.

With musical horn,
Salute the gay morn,
These jolly companions to cheer;
With enliv'ning sounds,
Encourage the hounds,
To rival the speed of the deer.

If

If you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair.
Hark ! hark ! he's unharbour'd they cry ;
Then fleet o'er the plain,
We gallop amain,
All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,
Thro' forests and floods,
The stag flies as swift as the wind ;
The welkin resounds,
With the cry of the hounds,
That chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to old Care,
Pale Grief and Despair,
We ride in oblivion of fear ;
Vexation and pain,
We leave to the train,
Sad wretches that lag in the rear,

Lo ! the stag stands at bay,
The pack's at a stay,
They eagerly seize on their prize :
The welkin resounds
With the chorus of hounds,
Shrill horn winds his knell, and he dies.

S O N G.

WHEN Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,

With horns we awaken the day,
And rouse, brother sportsmen, who sluggishly sleep,
With hark! to the woods hark! away:
See the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,
How sweetly it echoes around;
And high mettled steeds with their neighings all seem

With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold when fly Reynard, with panic and dread,
At distance o'er hillocks doth bound;
The pack on the scent fly with rapid career,
Hark! the horns! O how sweetly they sound;
Now on to the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,
All dangers we nobly defy;
Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll pursue,
With shouts that resound to the sky,

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,
No longer with swiftness he flies;
Each hound in his fury determines his fate,
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies:
With shouting and joy we return from the field,
With drink crown the sports of the day;
Then to rest we recline, till the horn calls again,
Then away to the woodlands, away.

E

S O N G.

S O N G.

NOW the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure and gold,
And the prospect around us most bright to behold;
The hounds are all trying the mazes to trace,
The steeds are all neighing, and pant for the chace.
Then rouse, each true sportsman, and join at the dawn,
The song of the hunters, and sound of the horn.

Health braces the nerves and gives joy to the face,
Whilst over the heath we pursue the fleet chace;
See, the downs now we leave, and the coverts appear,
As eager we follow the fox or the hare,
Then rouse, &c.

Wherever we go, pleasure waits on us still,
If we sink in the valley, or rise on the hill;
O'er hedges and ditches we valiantly fly,
For fearless of death we ne'er think we shall die,
Then rouse, &c.

From ages long past, by the poets we're told,
That hunting was lov'd by the sages of old;
That the soldier and huntsman were both on a par,
And the health-giving chace made them bold in the war.
Then rouse, &c.

When

When the chace is once over, away to the bowl,
 The full flowing bumpers shall chear up the soul;
 Whilst jocund our songs shall with chorusses ring,
 And toasts to our lasses, our country and King.
 Then rouse, &c.

S O N G.

SOUND, found the brisk horn,
 'Twill enliven the morn,
 And nature replenish with glee,
 The vallies around
 Shall rejoice at the sound,
 And join in the chorus with me.

Let ladies each night,
 In cards take delight,
 And such dull amusements embrace,
 At noon then arise,
 Unknown to the joys
 Of the health-giving, health-giving chace.

But while they're content,
 Why let them frequent
 The playhouse, the park or the ball;
 The pleasures I chuse,
 My time to amuse,
 Are greatly superior to all.

S O N G.

O'ER the lawns, up the hills, as with ardour
we bound,

Led on by the loud sounding horn,
Kind breezes still greet us, with chearfulness
crown'd,

And joyful we meet the sweet morn.
Rosy health blooms about us with natural grace,
Whilst echo re-echo'd enlivens the chace.

Should all the gay larks as they soar to the sky
Their notes in a concert unite,
The music of hounds when set off in full cry,
Would give a more tuneful delight.
Rosy health, &c.

'Tis over, 'tis over, a pleasure divine,
Fresh air and full exercise yield,
At night, my good friends, o'er the juice of the
vine,
We'll sing to the sports of the field.
Rosy health, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn calls away;
 Come the grave, come the gay;
 Wake to music that wakens the skies,
 Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

A I R.

From the East breaks the morn,
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath and the mountains so high;
 Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
 The steed neighs to the sound,
 And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the pard or the boar;
 Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
 Age and youth urged the chace,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence, of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
 Tho' in life's busy day,
 Man of man makes a prey,
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With

With the chase in full sight,
 Gods ! how great the delight !
 How our mortal sensations refine !
 Where is care, where is fear ?
 Like the winds in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse my brave boys :
 Lo ! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole ;
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chase over the bowl.

S O N G.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE chase was o'er, Actæon fought a feat,
 To shade him from the rage of mid-day heat :
 His fainting dogs, with toil and thirst oppress'd,
 Long'd for the cooling stream and fresh'ning rest,
 As on the hunter wandered,
 Diana and her nymphs appeared undrest :
 Whilst streams nor nymphs could save her from his
 fight,
 Thus try'd the youth to speak, appall'd with fright.

A I R.

A I R.

O think me not, Goddeſs, to blame,
 I lurk'd not thoſe charms t'eſpy;
 By chance to this covert I came,
 And fate is more faulty than I.
 All weary with hunting I ſtrove
 To hide me from Phœbus's ray;
 Forgive me thus deſtin'd to rove,
 O let me now win back my way.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Enrag'd the Goddeſs thus beſpoke the ſwain,
 Who ſu'd for pity, and had ſu'd in vain:

A I R.

Raſh youth! your mad folly you ſoon ſhall deplore,
 No mortal thus naked has ſeen me before,
 Left you tell where you've been,
 Boaſt of what you have ſeen,
 Bold hunter, here know
 That Diana's your foe,
 That for this you ſhall never again ſee me more;
 You ſhall branch out with horns, bound with ſwift-
 running feet,
 No longer a man but a ſtag all complete.
 Your hounds in full cry,
 Shall purſue as you fly,
 Chace you all the long day,
 Till they make you their prey,
 Since your eyes dar'd to glance tow'rd's Diana's
 retreat,

S O N G.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN first Aurora gilds the eastern hills,
 And on the ground her glitt'ring dew-drop spills,
 The swelling horn salutes the rising day,
 Pleas'd with the sound, all nature looks more gay,
 The drowsy huntsman, freed from Morpheus chain,
 With dogs and horses scatter all the plain :
 From his close paddock starts the frightened deer,
 Old earth scarce feels him in his swift career.

A I Z.

Over mountains see him bound,
 Lighter than the fleeting wind ;
 Woods and vallies echo round.
 While he leaves them far behind,
 Now fainting with toil,
 He takes the cool soil,
 But there finding refuge in vain,
 He seeks the wide lawns once again.
 The staunch op'ning hounds have at length seiz'd
 their prize,
 What joy reigns around,
 When brought to the ground,
 And the horn sounds his knell as he struggling dies,
 Our sports at an end,
 The ev'ning we spend,
 In innocent mirth and good cheer ;
 Like bold Robin Hood,
 Our prey is our food,
 And liquor old English brown beer.

OF THE CHACE.

S O N G.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn salutes the ear,
The hunters ready, morning clear;
Come the happy hours embrace,
Join the ever jovial chace.

A I R.

See the stag how he bounds
O'er the neighbouring grounds,
His speed still increas'd by his fear;
Hills and dales are soon past,
See his swiftneſs ſo vaſt,
The huntſmen he leaves in the rear.

'Twas Nimrod of old,
By the poets we're told,
Began firſt the ſports of the chace,
Tho' ſo great was his fame,
There's a ſpur on his name,
As men he purſued in the race.

But ſuch tyrants the chace
Will its pleaſures diſgrace,
Yet friendſhip ſhall ſtill be our guide;
With the ſound of the horn,
Call forth each in the morn,
Our ſports there ſhall nothing divide.

F

But

But again he's in view,
 And we nearer pursue,
 His spirits decrease as he flies;
 Now they've pull'd him to ground,
 And the dogs have him bound,
 Ah! see how he trembles and dies.

Now our pleasure's complete,
 Hark, the horn sounds retreat,
 Our sport does our health still maintain;
 To the bowl next away,
 We'll with joy crown the day,
 And then be as merry again.

S O N G.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE rosy morn with crimson dye,
 Had newly ting'd the eastern sky,
 The feather'd race on every spray,
 Sweet warbled to the God of day.
 When chaste Diana, goddess bright,
 From balmy slumber springing light,
 Wak'd all her nymphs from pleasing rest,
 And thus her sylvan train address'd.

A I R.

A I R.

From this high mount with me descend,
 And hey to the joys of the chace:
 O'er hill and dale our flight we'll bend,
 And match the fleet stag in our pace.
 My silver bow is ready strung,
 My golden quiver is graceful hung,
 Away my nymphs, away, away,
 Let shouts to the welkin resound,
 And she who strikes the destin'd prey,
 Shall queen of the forest be crown'd.

S O N G.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE whistling plowman hails the blushing
 dawn,
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
 Loud sings the black-bird thro' resounding groves,
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away,
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
 I'll warrant he'll shew us some play;
 See yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk courfers, and smoke 'em, my
bloods ;

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn ;
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn ?

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find,
So he breaks it, and scours amain,
And leaves us at distance behind.
O'er rocks and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn ;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die ;
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
His speed can no longer avail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he
fled,
See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn,
The farmer with pleasure beholds him lie dead,
And shouts to the sound of the horn.

OF THE CHACE.

45

S O N G.

RECITATIVE.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,
In different notes each feather'd warbler tunes,
The milkmaid's carol glads the ploughman's ear,
The jolly huntsman winds his chearful horn,
And the staunch pack return the lov'd salute,

A I R.

The hounds are unkenneled, and now,
Thro' the copse and the furz will we lead,
Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,
For there lurks the thief that must bleed.
I told you so, didn't I?—see where he flies;
'Twas Bellman that open'd, so sure the fox dies,
Let the horn's jolly sound,
Encourage the hound,
And float through the echoing skies.

RECITATIVE.

The chace begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp,
Quickset, or gate, the thundering course retard;
'Till the dead notes proclaim the falling prey,
Then—to the sportive squire's capacious bowl.

A I R.

O'er that and old beer of his own,
Bright and wholesome—we'll jovially sing,
Drink success to great George and his crown,
For each heart to a man's with the King.

And next we will fill to Jove's favourite scene,
 The rich Isle of Saints, Old England I mean,
 Where men, horses and hounds,
 Can be stopp'd by no bounds,
 For no spot on the earth e'er bred sportsmen so keen,

S O N G.

MIRTH, admit me of thy crew,
 To listen how the hounds and horn,
 Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Thro' the high wood echoing still.

S O N G.

ROUSE, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hounds are
 all out,
 The chace is begun, I declare ;
 Come up and to horse, let us follow the rout,
 And join in the chace of the hare,
 Hark ! hark ! don't you hear they are now in the
 dale,
 The horn, how melodious it sounds !
 Poor Puss in a fright, how she strives to prevail,
 And fly from the cry of the hounds.

Though

OF THE CHACE.

47

Though up to the hills and the mountains she scales,
 Whose tops seem to join to the sky;
 We mount in the air like a kite in a gale,
 And follow the hounds in full cry.
 Though into the copse there for refuge she flies,
 We kill her, 'tis twenty the odds;
 While echo furrounds us with hooting and cries, |
 We seem to converse with the Gods.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd,
 We are strangers to envy and strife;
 When bless'd with a wife, we return to her arms,
 Sport sweetens the conjugal life.
 Our days pass away in a scene of delight,
 Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste.
 In pleasures of love we revel all night,
 Next morning return to the chace.

S O N G.

I AM a jolly huntsman,
 My voice is shrill and clear,
 Well known to drive the stag,
 And the drooping dogs to cheer.
 And a hunting we will go, &c.

I leave my bed by times,
 Before the morning grey;
 Let loose my dogs, and mount a horse,
 And hallo, come away, &c.

The

The game's no sooner rous'd,
But in rush the chearful cry,
Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge and flake,
The frighted beast does fly, &c.

In vain he flies to covert,
A num'rous pack pursue,
That never cease to trace his steps,
Ev'n though they've lost the view, &c.

There's Scentwell and Finder,
Dogs never known to fail,
To hit off with humble nose,
But with a lofty tail, &c.

To Scentwell, hark ! he calls,
And faithful Finder joins,
Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,
And give your horse the reins, &c.

Hark ! forward how they go it,
The view they'd lost they gain ;
Tantivy, high and low,
Their legs and throats they strain, &c.

There's Ruler and Countess,
That most times lead the field,
Traveller and Bonnylafs,
To none of them will yield, &c.

Now Duchefs bits it foremost,
Next Lightfoot leads the way,
And Toper bears the bell,
Each dog will have his day, &c.

There's Mufic and Chanter,
Their nimble trebles try;
While Sweetlips and Tunewell,
With counters clear reply, &c.

There's Rockwood and Thunder,
That tongue the heavy bafs;
Whilst Trowler and Ringwood,
With tenors crown the chace, &c.

Now sweetly in full cry
Their various notes they join,
Gods! what a concert's here, my lads!
'Tis more than half divine, &c.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,
Delighted with the found,
To neighb'ring dales and fountains
Repeating, deal it round, &c.

A glorious chace it is,
We drove him many a mile,
O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro' stich;
And hit off many a foil, &c.

G

And

And yet he runs it stoutly,
How wide, how swift he strains,
With what a skip he took that leap,
And scours it o'er the plains, &c.

See how our horses foam !
The dogs begin to droop,
With winding horn, on shoulder born,
'Tis time to cheer them up, &c.

[*Sounds Tantivy.*]

Hark ! Leader, Countess, Bouncer,
Cheer up my merry dogs all ;
To Tatler, hark ; he holds it smart,
And answers every call, &c.

Co co there, drunkard Snowball,
Gadzooks ! whip Bomer in ;
We'll die i' th' place, ere quit the chace,
'Till we've made the game our own, &c.

Up yonder steep I'll follow,
Beset with craggy stones ;
My Lord, cries Jack, you dog ! come back,
Or else you'll break your bones, &c.

Huzza ! he's almost down,
He begins to slack his course,
He pants for breath ; I'll in at's death,
Or else I'll kill my horse, &c.

See,

See, now he takes the moors,
And strains to reach the stream;
He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,
And quench his thirsty flame, &c.

He scarce has touch'd the bank,
The cry bounce finely in,
And swiftly swim across the stream,
And raise a glorious din, &c.

His legs begin to fail,
His wind and speed is gone,
He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,
He can no longer run, &c.

Old Hector long behind,
By use and nature bold,
In rushes first, and seizes fast,
But soon is flung from's hold, &c.

He traverses his ground,
Advances and retreats,
Gives many hound a mortal wound,
And long their force defeats, &c.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts,
And shakes his branched head,
'Tis safest, farthest off, I see,
Poor Tallboy is lain dead, &c.

52 NIMROD'S SONGS

Vain are heels and antlers,
With such a pack set round,
Spite of his heart, seize every part,
And pull him fearless down, &c.

Ha! dead, ware dead, whip off,
And take a special care;
Dismount with speed, and cut his throat,
Lest they his haunches tear, &c.

The sport is ended now,
We're laden with the spoil;
As home we pass, we talk o' th' chase,
O'erpaid for all our toil,
And a hunting, &c.

S O N G.

YE sluggards who murder your life time in sleep,
Awake and pursue the fleet hare;
From life say what joy, say what pleasure you reap,
That ere could with hunting compare:
When Phœbus begins to enlighten the morn,
The huntsman attended by hounds
Rejoices and glows at the sound of the horn,
Whilst woods the sweet echo resounds,

The

The courtier, the lawyer, the priest have in view,
Nay ev'ry profession the same,
But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasures pursue,
Than such as accrue from the game.
While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,
And turn into day ev'ry night;
At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,
And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then quickly, my lads, to the forest repair,
O'er dales and o'er vallies let's fly;
For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
When each joy will another supply:
Thus each morning, each day, in rapture we pass,
And desire no comfort to share;
But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,
And feed on the spoil of the hare.

S O N G.

HARK! for sure I hear the horns melodious
found;

Then come, come, come, join in
The chearful merry din
Of the hounds in concert shrill,
Heard round from hill to hill.

All shall join in jolly song,
Noble sports to us belong;
Hail the morning's ruddy face,
Now begins the sprightly chace.

Then

Then out scouts Reynard strong
And nimbly darts along,
To climb the neighb'ring hill,
Or leap the purling rill.
All shall join, &c.

Boys, follow then with speed,
As we have thus agreed;
Then come, come, mend your pace,
And follow brisk the chace.
All shall join, &c.

We soon shall see him lag,
Like deer or hunted stag;
Then press him hard, my bloods,
We'll drive him to the floods.
All shall join, &c.

O'er floods, o'er rocks and hills,
And over purling rills,
We will pursue the game,
Till Reynard stout we tame.
All shall join, &c.

Ah! see in vain his flight,
His heart is broken quite;
And as he gasping lies,
He pants, he pants, and dies.
All shall join, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

YE sportsmen all,
Attend to the call,
The welcome call of the chearful horn;
Quit business for pleasure,
Nor thirst after treasure,
But purchase new life from the sweets of the morn,
See now dapple Bay in his foin waxeth grey,
And white lily stops, with the scent in his chaps,
And now nimbly she bounds from the cry of the
hounds.
Then boys, haste away,
Without further delay,
'Tis with pleasures like these that we hail the new
day.

Whilst cares of state
Attend the great,
And courtiers prey on their country's wealth,
No stately ambition,
Or sickly condition,
Disturbs our repose, recreations, or health.
The fop, vainly proud of his delicate self,
The miser, who doats on his ill-gotten pelf,
And the lover who sighs, ogles, flatters, and lies,
Would they hither repair, they need not despair
Of enjoying sweet life, with a mind free from care.

S O N G.

S O N G.

RISE, rise, brother bucks, see how ruddy's the
morn,

Diana's been long on the plain ;
Hark, hark, 'tis the found of the hounds and the
horn,

Repeated by echo again.
Then, to horse, my brave boys, to the chace let's
away,
For the pleasures of hunting admit no delay.

If our hounds, when they're dragging the wood-
lands around,

Unkennel the fox from his den :
Or if, when they're trailing along on the ground,
A puss should be started—O then,
So ho, cries our huntsman, so ho, she's in view,
Then with hounds in full cry we the pastime pursue:

But if we would meet with an out-lying deer.
The pastime so royal we'll rouse ;
Pursue him till slain where he flies without fear,
And ne'er the glad sight of him lose.
Neither hedges nor ditches shall set us our bounds ;
If our horses are good we'll keep up with the hounds.

When

When our day's sport is over then home we'll return,
To enjoy our dear bottle and glass,
And all be as ready as ever next morn
To go back to the jovial chace.
Thus Nimrod's diversion we'll keep in renown,
And each night with a bumper our day's sport
we'll crown.

S O N G.

HOW soft glides the stream the gay meadows
along,
The birds all how chearful, how tuneful their song,
How Flora the meads with her gifts doth adorn,
The violet, the rose, and the fair blooming thorn;
And hark! still to heighten the joys of this place,
The sound of the horn speaks the hounds are in
chace.

See over yon clover the hare swiftly flies,
While the hunters pursue her with clamorous cries;
Haste, haste, then away, let us join in the sport,
Leap the banks, fly the gates, to yon covert resort;
There trembling she lies, panting, gasping for breath,
Let's follow with speed to be in at the death.

'Tis done, she is breathless, now home we repair,
While peals loud, triumphant, resound thro' the air;

H

Not

Not a hill, or a valley, or cavern around,
 Where Echo resides, but repeats the glad sound;
 While Phœbus well-pleas'd the gay prospect surveys,
 And streaks the fair morn with his brightest of rays.

Thus blest'd with the pleasures the country affords,
 Content with our stations, more happy than Lords,
 With hearts true and loyal we jovially sing,
 Not troubled with cares from ambition that spring,
 While the courtier is eagerly hunting a place,
 We jocundly join in the sports of the chase.

S O N G.

LET the slave of ambition and wealth
 On the frolic of fortune depend,
 I ask but old claret and health,
 A pack of good hounds and a friend.
 In such real joys will be found,
 True happiness centers in these;
 While each moment that dances around
 Is crown'd with contentment and ease.

Old claret can drive away care,
 Health smiles on our days as they roll;
 What can with true friendship compare?
 And a tally I love from my soul.

The

Then up with your bumpers my boys,
 Each hour that flies we'll improve;
 A heel-tap's a spy on our joys—
 Here's to fox-hunting, friendship, and love.

S O N G.

R E C I T A T I V E.

NOW faintly glimm'ring in the east
 Sol brings on the ling'ring morn,
 As loth to quit fair Thetis' breast,
 While dew bespangles ev'ry thorn.
 The herald lark salutes the skies,
 And bids the jocund sportsman rise.

A I R

Hark! the chace is begun,
 See, yonder they run,
 And fleet as the wind the stag flies;
 O'er mountain and dale,
 Thro' woodland and vale,
 His pursuers awhile he defies.

But in vain is his speed,
 They faster proceed,
 In hopes to o'ertake him anon;
 While echo around
 With the horn and the hound,
 Responsive replies Ton-ta-ron.

H 2

Thus

Thus we pleasure obtain,
 Without sickness or pain,
 What ruddiness smiles on each face;
 Ye jemmies prepare,
 Mount the steed if you dare,
 And overtake health in the chace.

S O N G.

THE sweet rosy morning
 Peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning
 The meadows and fields;
 The merry, merry, merry horn
 Calls come, come, come away,
 Awake from your slumbers
 And hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus
 Of hounds in full cry;
 Then follow, follow, follow, follow
 The musical chace,
 Where pleasure and vigour,
 With health you embrace.

The

OF THE CHACE

61

The day's sport when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk lover
Fresh charms for the night.
Then let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let love crown the night,
As our sports crown the day.

S O N G.

R E C I T A T I V E.

WHEN chearful day began to dawn,
While Cupid still his pillow press'd,
Diana rous'd by hounds and horn,
Her gentle virgins thus address'd,

A I R.

Hark away, hark away to the merry ton'd horn,
While the hounds chearful cries awaken the morn,
Diana herself rules the sports of to-day,
And joins in the chorus of Hark, hark away.

With cautious steps avoid the bow'r,
Where wily Cupid sleeping lies;
Fond nymphs, you'll rue the fatal hour,
Should Love our spotless train surprise.
Hark away, &c.

Love

62 NIMROD'S SONGS

Love will promise and deceive,
 Leading youthful hearts astray,
 But the joys our pastimes give
 Are jocund, innocent, and gay.
 Hark away, &c.

S O N G.

WHEN Sol from the east had illumin'd the
 sphere,
 And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear,
 I rose from my tent, and like Richard, I call'd
 For my horse, and my hounds too, loudly I bawl'd.
 Hark forward, my boys, Billy Meadows he cried,
 No sooner he spoke than old Reynard he spied;
 Overjoy'd at the sight we began for to skip,
 Ton-ta-ron went the horn and smack went the whip.

Tom Bramble scour'd forth, when almost to his chin,
 O'er leaping a ditch—by the Lord, he leap'd in;
 When just as it hap'd, but the sly master Ren',
 Was sneakingly hast'ning to make to his den;
 Then away we pursu'd, broke covert and wood,
 Not a quickset nor thickset our pleasure withstood,
 So ho! master Reynard, Jack Rivers he cried,
 Old Ren' you shall die, Daddy Hawthorn replied.

All gay as the lark the green woodland we trac'd,
 While the merry ton'd horn inspir'd as we chac'd,

No

No longer poor Reynard his strength could he boast,
To the hounds he knock'd under and gave up the
ghost.

The sports of the field when concluded and o'er,
We found the horn back again over the moor ;
At night take the glass, and most chearily sing,
The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the King.

SONG.

HARK! the huntsman's begun to sound the
shrill horn,

Come quickly unkennel your hounds ;
'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-ey'd morn,
We'll chace the Fox over the grounds.

See yonder sits Reynard, 'so crafty and sly,
Come saddle your coursers apace ;
The hounds have a scent and are in full cry,
They long to be giving him chace.

The huntsmen are mounted, the steed feels the spur,
And quickly they scour it along ;
Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur,
Follow, follow, my boys, is the song.

O'er mountains and valleys we skim it away,
Now Reynard's almost out of sight ;
But sooner than lose him we'll spend the whole day
In hunting, for that's our delight.

By eager pursuing we'll have him at last,
He's too tir'd, poor rogue, down he lies;
Now starts up afresh, and young Snap has him fast,
He trembles, kicks, struggles and dies.

S O N G.

TO chace o'er the plain the fox or the hare,
Such pleasures no sport can e'er bring,
It banishes sorrow and drives away care,
And makes us more blest than a King;
And makes us more blest than a King.
Whenever we hear the sound of the horn,
Our hearts are transported with joy;
We rise and embrace at the dawn of the morn,
A pastime that never can cloy.

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,
No danger our breast can invade;
The hounds in full cry our joys will renew
An increase of pleasures display'd:
The freedom our conscience never alarms,
We live free from envy and strife;
If blest with a spouse, return to her arms,
Sport, sweetness, and conjugal life.

The courtier who toils o'er matters of state,
Can ne'er such an happiness know;
The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great,
Can ne'er such a comfort bestow:

Our days pass away in scenes of delight,
Our pleasures ne'er taken amiss :
We hunt all the day, and revel all night,
What joy can be greater than this.

S O N G.

EVERY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,
Some to White's run for play, some to Batson's for
news ;

At Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause,
And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise :
But such idle amusement's I'll carefully shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dog and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finish'd his Summer's career,
And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care.
When Roger and Nell have enjoyed harvest home,
And their labours being o'er, are at leisure to roam ;
From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dog and my
gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully stand,
And none dares to stir, but the dog I command,
When the covey he springs, and I bring down my
bird,

I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford :

I

No

No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
Can be equal to mine with my dog and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I re-
pair

And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear ;

There I exercise freely my levelling skill,

And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often
fill ;

For death (where I find them) they seldom can
shun,

My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command ;

Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand ;

If a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they spring,

With heart cheering notes how they make the woods
ring !

Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,

My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sport of the day,

And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay ;

Then I think of my friends, and to each send a
part,

For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart ;

Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,

And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

S O N G.

S O N G.

RECITATIVE.

AWAK'D by the horn, like the spring, decks
in green,
Betimes in the morning the hunters are seen ;
With joy on each brow they enliven the place,
And impatiently wait to join in the chace.

A I R.

From his close covert rous'd, the stag swiftly flies,
As the arrow that's shot from the bow ;
O'er rivers and mountains all danger defies,
And fears nothing but man, his worst foe.

RECITATIVE.

Now they trace him thro' the copse,
Panting, struggling—see ! he drops !
Hark ! rude clamours rend the skies,
While the dappled victim dies.

A I R.

Thus Britain's sons, in Harry's reign,
Pursu'd the trembling Gaul,
Thro' streams of blood, o'er hills of slain,
And triumph'd at his fall.

C H O R U S.

Now hostile foes alarm; arm, arm, Britannia,
arm.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Then away to the field, 'tis great George gives the
word

Quit the horn for a trumpet, the whip for a sword;
Like our valiant forefathers, stern death let us face,
And be glorious in war as we are in the chace.

S O N G.

HARK, the loud toned horn bids the sports-
man prepare,

And the hounds woo him forth to the lawn,
The huntsman proclaims that the morning is fair,
And Aurora with red streaks the dawn.

With pleasure he hearkens the heart-soothing cheer
Shakes Morpheus and slumber away;
While joyful he starts, and with speed doth appear
The foremost to welcome the day.

With the horn's jolly clangor he quickens the chace
And fills up the vale with his joys;
While his pleasure full glowing, enlivens his face,
And the hounds in full concert rejoice.

From

From the sportsman, ye drones, ye may learn how
to live,

Exempted from pain or disease;
He'll shew, that the fields and the meadows will
give.

That health which you barter for ease.

S O N G.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does
peep,

Why, how now, you sluggardly sot!
How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,
While we all on horseback are got,
My brave boys!

I cannot get up, for the over night's cup,
So terribly lies in my head;

Besides, my wife cries, my dear, do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in bed,

My dear boy.

Come on with your boots, and saddle your mare,
Nor tire us with longer delay;

The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,
Will chase all dull vapours away,

My brave boys.

S O N G.

22 NIMROD'S SONGS

S O N G.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! from that cottage by the silent stream,
 How sweet the swallow greets the rising gleam
 Of light, that dawns upon the eastern hill,
 Tipping with grey the sails of yonder mill;
 And hark! from the farm below, the watchful cock
 Warns the dull shepherd to unfold his flock;
 His hurdled flocks the fresh'ning breeze inhale,
 And bleat for freedom, and the clover vale.
 See! how away the severing clouds are driven,
 How gay already seems the face of Heaven!
 Those ruddy streaks foretell the sun is near,
 To drink the dew and glad our hemisphere.
 O! did the sons of dissipation know
 What calm delights from early rising flow,
 They'd leave (with us) their down, and in the
 fields
 Imbibe the health that fresh Aurora yields.

A I R.

Now indolence snores upon pillows of down,
 Now infirmity, guilt, and disease,
 Envy the gentle repose of the clown,
 And in vain beg the blessings of ease.

Whilst

Whilst we honest fellows, who follow the chace,
Of such troubles are never possess'd,
The banner of health is display'd in each face,
To shew Peace holds the fort of the breast.

Can the slaves of a court, can the miser say this?
Or the wretches who feed in distress?
O! may such ne'er taste of our rational blifs.
Till, like us, they disdain to oppress.

R E C I T A T I V E.

See! to the copse how the dogs scud along,
They've found out the drag of the foe;
And hark! how the huntsmen ride shouting along,
He's now in the cover below.

Let's follow the cry, he'll soon be in view,
See! yonder he sculks o'er the glade;
Spur your coursers, my lads, and briskly pursue;
Or's craft will our vengeance evade.

A I R.

The shepherd with joy views the chace,
His lambs the vile traitor would fleece,
The farmer, delighted, beholds his disgrace,
And thinks on his turkies and geese.

The maids of the hamlet look gay;
The dames, o'er a noggin of ale,
Tell what poultry of late was his prey,
And wish the staunch pack may prevail.

In quest of the fleet-footed foe,
 As the hunters fly over the plain,
 Ev'ry breast feels a rapturous glow.
 Ev'ry tongue trills the jocular strain.

RECITATIVE.

Far from the East had roll'd the glorious sun,
 And thro' each well known haunt the fox had run;
 The stream he'd past, and the vast mountain's
 height,
 Seeking the dell where darkling brakes invite;
 There strove to earth, but strove to earth in vain,
 He breaks the covert, tries the lawns again;
 But, as he fled, the crafty spoiler found,
 Fleeting behind, the never fault'ring hound:
 Weary at length, he views the wide mouth throng,
 And drags in pain his mired brush along;
 Now spent, he falls, rolling his haggard eyes;
 And, savage like, he wounds, and snarling dies.
 Eager to view, the shouting train surround;
 Hill, woods, and rocks, reverberate the sound.

A I R.

Whilst the huntsman exults to hunters around,
 And holds up the strong-scented prize;
 Elated with conquest, each staunch mettled
 hound,
 Sends a clam'rous peal to the skies;

The

The deep found of the horn, borne afar on the gale,
Calls the sportsmen thrown out to the pack;
They meet round the spoil, if their coursers don't
fail

Then away, to regale, they ride chearfully back.

RECITATIVE.

Such are the manly pleasures of the chace,
Which Kings of old were eager to embrace:
While o'er the champaign ran the courtly crew,
The cheek was garnish'd with a roseate hue;
Then no pale Ganymede disgrac'd the Court,
And he was honour'd who most lov'd the sport;
No brooding malice there assail'd the breast,
To cloud the brow, or poison mental rest.
Oh! glorious sport, which can at once impart
Health to the veins, and quiet to the heart.

A I R.

Our fathers of old lov'd the sport,
Our nobles rejoic'd in the chace;
They fled the intrigues of a Court,
The heart-chearing toil to embrace.

Their offspring was ruddy and stout,
Curst lux'ry was yet in the bud;
They scarce knew the pangs of the gout,
Activity physic'd the blood.

A fribble they feldom could meet,
But now how revers'd is the scene !
The creature's in every street,
Erecting his butterfly mien.

Could our ancestors rise from their graves,
At the sight of the gay spangled train,
They'd fly the degenerate slaves,
And wish to be buried again.

May such never taste of our joy,
We hunters disclaim the whole race ;
Whilst time over tea they destroy,
We're lost in the charms of the chace.

C H O R U S .

All you who would follow the musical horn,
Go early to bed, and salute the young morn.
Our sports shall secure you the bosom's repose,
And your cheek in old age wear the tint of the rose,
Your nerves shall be strong, and feel, e'en in decay,
The raptures enjoy'd by the young and the gay,
Then hither come all, who would live long in health,
A blessing the wise much esteem before wealth.

S O N G .

S O N G.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field;
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all as eager as you,
And no one the contest will yield.
His Lordship, his Worship, his Honour, his Grace,
A hunting continually go;
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
The husband gets up, at the sound of the horn,
And rides to the Commons full speed;
The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,
The poet, too, often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho,

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
And the fences of virtue break down.
Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,
For amusement, for passion, for shew,
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

S O N G.

A Sweet-scented beau, and a simp'ring young cit,
 An artful attorney, a rake, and a wit,
 Set out on a journey in pursuit of her heart,
 Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art;
 And rous'd by the hounds to meet the sweet morn,
 Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the beau by his face,
 The lawyer with quibble set out on the chace;
 The cit with exactness made up his account,
 The rake told his conquest, how vast the amount.
 She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the morn,
 Tantivy, she followed the echoing horn.

The clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young swain,
 Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd o'er the
 plain.

He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble, and beau,
 And won the fair nymph with hollo! hillio!
 Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn,
 Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

S O N G.

HARK! the hollow groves resounding
 Echo to the hunter's cry;
 Hark! how all the vales resounding
 To his chearing voice reply.

Now so swift, o'er hills aspiring,
 He pursues the gay delight ;
 Distant woods and plains retiring
 Seem to vanish from his sight,
 Hark ! the hollow groves, &c.

S O N G.

SEE Phœbus begins to enliven the east,
 And see the grey dawn wears away ;
 Come rouse, fellow huntsman, relinquish dull rest,
 And join in the sports of the day ;
 No longer in sloth let your senses remain,
 Untainted the sweets of the morn ;
 Drive slumber away, and make one in our train,
 To follow the sound of the horn.

What music to ours can for sweetness compare,
 What sports such a pleasure can yield ?
 What scent so refin'd as the new morning air ?
 What prospect so bright as the field ?
 Let misers for riches each transport forego,
 'Midst their treasures distress'd and forlorn —
 We taste ev'ry joy, and forget every woe —
 So charming the sound of the horn.

Such pleasures we feel, while from vanity free,
 Our hours pass contented along ;
 In innocent pastime, in mirth, and in glee,
 With a hearty repast and a song :

Ye mortals, unbias'd by honours and wealth,
 Those titles that sorrow adorn ;
 Would you taste the calm joys of contentment and
 health,
 Then follow the found of the horn.

S O N G.

THE sun now peeps o'er yonder hill,
 In streaks of golden red,
 For shame get up, nor slumber still,
 Quit, quit your downy bed.

C H O R U S.

For hark ! horn and hound are saluting the day,
 The fox from his covert is bursting away ;
 O'er mountains he scampers, we'll double our pace,
 Swift vengeance pursues him and gladdens our
 chace.

Lose, lose no time, to horse, my boys,
 Fling off dull drowsy spleen ;
 The neighing sounds, and deep tongu'd noise,
 Now call us to the green.
 For hark ! horn, &c.

With

With rosy health our cheeks shall glow,
 Our nerves with toil be strong;
 With tides of joy our blood shall flow,
 Who join the hunting throng.
 For hark! horn, &c.

And when we leave the shouting field,
 And night has brought us home,
 Libations rich the hall shall yield,
 Loud mirth shall shake the dome.
 For hark! horn, &c.

S O N G.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

OUT of sight are the hounds, boys;
 We've lost them to day,
 We are fairly thrown out,
 Who will tell us the way?

R E S P O N S E.

If you'll follow up close, we will tell you the way.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

Who, who are such friends to the joys of the chace?
 We hear but the voice, but we see not the face.

R E S P O N S E.

RESPONSE.

We cannot, we must not discover the face.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

Are you fairies or goblins that haunt the rude plain?
Oh, say who you are, that enliven our train.

RESPONSE.

We are nymphs of the wood, of Diana's chaste train.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

O'er mountains, thro' fountains, then briskly we'll
fly,
Diana and Echo shall join in the cry.

GLEE.

Love in yonder valley lies,
'Wake him not with noise or cries!
Tir'd with sport, with toil oppress'd,
Glad he takes an hour of rest;
See, see his quiver by his side,
Sure to conquer youthful pride!
If he's rais'd, and points his darts,
'Tis too late to save your hearts!

CATCH.

When will sounds of battle cease,
When the world is hush'd to peace—
Welcome discord's horrid sound,
Welcome clangor's bursting round,

OF THE CHACE

81

Let the British thunder roar,
Shouts be heard from shore to shore.
Every brave commander sing,
With first and last, God save the King.

S O N G.

RECITATIVE.

SEE, see, Aurora 'gins to rise,
And paints with ruddy streaks the skies
E'er Phœbus does his beams display,
Let's to our jocund sports away.

A I R.

I rouse the game with hounds and horn,
With chearful cries I 'wake the morn,
Who rising with her rosy face,
Enjoys the glory of the chace.
See the swift stag flies o'er the ground,
And hills, and dales, and woods resound;
Whilst health and joy lead on the train,
Provoke the chace and scour the plain:
And join the jovial sportsman's cries,
Till the stout prey, o'ertaken—dies.

L

S O N G.

S O N G.

R E C I T A T I V E.

WHO, who is this that strikes my wond'ring
eyes

'Tis rosy health, an hunter in disguise,
He comes to win me from soft pleasure's train,
And thus he speaks in his enliv'ning strain.

A I R.

Now the dawn's peeping over the hill,
To sleep breaking echos arise!
Hark! the hounds and the hunters loud fill
The woods with their shouts and their cries.
Pursue o'er the mountains your prey,
Be first of the heart chearing race,
All rous'd by the toils of the day
You'll own the delights of the chace.

A hunter, no more you'll complain;
No spleen-brooding cares shall ye know,
A stranger to sickness and pain,
With life and new vigour you'll glow,
Then fly from the pleasures that pall,
That languor most certainly yield,
But wake to the horn's early call,
And haste to the sports of the field.

S O N G.

S O N G.

HARK, hark, jolly sportsmen awhile to my tale,
Which to pay your attention, I'm sure cannot fail,
'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar.
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again;
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
'Fore gad, he had shook like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred, and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox.
The Laughlin's-town landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And 'Squire Adair, sure, was with us that day,
Joe Debill, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out,

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar;
Hark to Wanton, cried Jo, and the rest were not
slack

For Wanton's no trifle, esteem'd in the pack.
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,
And every hound join'd in the musical din;
Had Diana been there she'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way;
As strong from Killegar, as tho' he could fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Killtarnan,
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherry wood then,
Steep Shank-hill he climb'd, and to Ballymanglen,
Bray Commons he cross'd, leap'd Lord Anglefy's
wall,

And seem'd to say, " Little I value you all."

He ran Bush's grove, up to Carbury Byrn's,
Jo Debill, Hall Preston, kept leading by turns,
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out,
To Malpa's high hills, was the way then he flew,
At Dalkeystone Common we had him in view,
He drove on by Bullock, through shrub Glanagery,
And so on to Mountown where Laury grew weary.

Thro' Roachtown wood next, like an arrow he pass'd,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last,
There gallantly plunged himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, " Sure none dare follow me."
But soon to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds,
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettled hounds,
His policy here, did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of tarriers were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore, then again was his drift,
But e'er he could reach to the top of the clift,

He

He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being way-laid, and killed by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads that I've
fung,

Save Laury, who riding a garran, was flung.
Thus ended at length a most delicate chace,
That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Killruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my Lord;
We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasted the health
Of the man that ne'er varied for places of wealth.
Owen Bray baulk'd a leap, says Hall Preston, 'twas
odd

'Twas shameful, cried Jack, by the great living —
Said Preston I halloo'd, " Get on, tho' you fall,
" Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
For party affairs we consign'd to the court.
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the night,
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight.
Then till the next morning, bid farewell each
brother

So some they went one way and some went another,
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

S O N G.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
Then a hunting let us go.
Then, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,
Her arms to make him stay,
My dear it hails, it rains, it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day.
But a hunting, &c.

Th' uncavern'd fox like lightning flies,
His cunning's all awake,
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life the stake.
When a hunting, &c.

Arous'd e'en Echo huntress turns,
And manly shouts her joy,
The sportsman's breast in rapture burns,
The chase can never cloy,
Then a hunting, &c.

Despairing mark he seeks the tide,
His art must now prevail,
Hark! shouts the miscreant's death betide,
His speed, his cunning fail.
When a hunting, &c.

For lo! his strength to faintness worn,
 The hounds arrest his flight,
 Then hungry homewards we return,
 To feast away the night.
 Then a hunting, &c.

S O N G.

GIVE round the world dismount, dismount,
 Whilst echoed by the sprightly horn,
 The toils and pleasures we recount,
 Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

C H O R U S.

'Twas glorious sport, none e'er did lag,
 Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand;
 But all as firmly kept their pace,
 As had Actæon been the stag,
 And we had hunted by command,
 Of the Goddesses of the chace.
 And we had hunted, &c.

The hounds were out and snuff the air,
 And scarce had reach'd the appointed spot;
 But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,
 And presently drew on the slot.
 'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And

NIMROD'S SONGS

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
The deep mouth'd hounds begin to bawl:
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
And while ware-haunch the huntsman cries;
His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he struggles, and he dies.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

S O N G.

DECEMBER is a month,
When British brains are addled,
The morning's wet and dirty,
So get the cattle saddled,
For a hunting we will go.

What pleasure is so excellent,
As whip and cut and spur,
What music can compare,
To the yelping of a cur.
When a hunting, &c.

Actæon

Actæon was a hunter bold,
Wore horns upon his pate,
But we will take our wives with us,
And so avoid his fate,
When a hunting, &c.

If in a ditch, or bog, or brake,
Our carcase chance to stick in,
We're champions all and fight the cause,
Of gander, goose, and chicken,
When a hunting, &c.

But if perchance a fox chace
Should cost a man his breath,
We're all militia Captains now,
And who's afraid of death,
When a hunting, &c.

Then should we break fly Reynard's neck,
In pastime e'nt it merit,
And if perchance we break our own,
Why damme e'nt it spirit,
When a hunting, &c.

But if a Quist won't quit his bed,
For sports so blithe and bonny,
We'll swear he hates fatigue and dirt,
And call him Macaroni,
When a hunting, &c.

Abuse him for his want of taste,
 Since nothing so bewitches,
 Like spending all the Winter long,
 In boots and leather breeches.
 When a hunting, &c.

S O N G.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
 And dew drops bespangles the sweet-scented thorn;
 Then sound, brother sportsman, sound, sound the
 gay horn,
 'Till Phœbus awakens the day:
 And see now he rises in splendor how bright;
 Io Pœan for Phœbus, the God of Delight,
 All glorious in beauty now banishes night,
 Then mount, boys, to horse and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chase,
 Health, bloom and contentment, appear in each
 face,
 And in our fleet coursers what beauty and grace,
 While we the swift stag do pursue;
 At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
 Struck by terror he runs from the forests wide bounds
 And tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds,
 Yet still, boys, we keep him in view.

When

When chac'd 'till quite spent, he his life does resign,
 Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
 And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
 That hunter, so mighty of fame;
 Our glasses then charge to our country and King;
 Love and beauty we'll fill to and jovially sing;
 Wishing health and success, till we make the house
 ring,
 To all sportsmen and sons of the game.

S O N G.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of
 day,
 And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman
 away;
 Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now
 they bound,
 While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.
 Hark away is the word, to the sound of the horn,
 And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
 While pufs flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue;
 Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,
 While the loud opening pack pursues her amain.
 Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for
 breath,
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for
 death.
 No joys can compare to the sports of the field,
 To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.
 Hark away, &c.

S O N G.

LOOK out, brother sportsmen, the morning is
 clear,
 And Phœbus o'er Hambledon hills does appear :
 Our sports are delighting, the day is inviting,
 Then away to the chace, to the chace without fear :
 Tho' Reynard may fly, his fate is to die,
 For we shrink from no danger before us :
 To us, life's no trouble, and care is a bubble,
 When we follow the hounds in full chorus.

Tally-ho! my brave boys; see he slackens his
 speed;
 Strength failing him, he to his cunning takes heed :
 His art now forsakes him, see Dancer o'ertakes
 him;
 The hounds now seize on him—poor Reynard is
 dead.
 Tho' Reynard, &c.

Now

Now home, my brave boys, and to Bacchus repair,
 And each take a glass to his favourite fair :
 Day and night is thus spent, in mirth, joy, and
 content ;
 And may huntsmen for ever be strangers to care.
 Tho' Reynard, &c.

S O N G.

HARK, hark, from the woodlands the loud
 swelling horn
 Invites to the sports of the chace,
 How ruddy, how bright, and how chearful the
 morn,
 How healthy and blooming each face.
 To the grove with Diana, I'll hasten away,
 Nor lose the delights of the morn,
 The hounds are all out, hark, hark forward, away,
 While echo replies to the horn.

Rosy health still attends thro' the sports of the field,
 O'er mountain and valley we go ;
 The joy of the chace, health and pleasure can
 yield,
 No wishes beyond it we know.
 To the grove, &c.

Our

Our innocent pastime each virgin may share,
 And the censure of envy defy,
 While Cupid soon followed by grief and despair,
 The blessing of youth would destroy.
 To the grove, &c.

S O N G.

AT the sound of the horn,
 We rise in the morn,
 And 'waken the woods as we thunder along;
 Yoix, yoix, tally O,
 After Reynard we go,
 While echo on echo we double the song.

Not the steeds of the fun
 Our brave courfers out-run,
 O'er the mound, horse and hound, see is bound in
 full cry;
 Like Phœbus we rise
 To the height of the skies;
 And, careless of danger, five bars we defy.
 We 'waken the woods, &c.

At eve, Sir, we rush,
 And are close to his brush;
 Already he dies—see him panting for breath.
 Each feat and defeat,
 We renew and repeat,
 Regardless of life, so we're in at the death.
 We 'waken the woods, &c.

With a bottle at night,
 We proclaim the delight,
 Much Trimbush we praise, and the deeds that were
 done :
 And yoix, tally O,
 The next morning we go,
 With Phœbus to end, as we mount with the sun.

S O N G.

HARK! forward! away, my brave boys to the
 chace,

To the joys that sweet exercise yields;
 The bright ruddy morning breaks on us apace,
 And invites to the sports of the field.

Hark! forward's the cry, and chearful the morn,
 Then follow the hounds and the merry-ton'd horn.

No

No music can equal the hounds in full cry ;
 Hark ! they open, then hasten away ;
 O'er hill, dale, and valley, with vigour we fly,
 While pursuing the sports of the day.

Hark ! forward's the cry, &c.

With the sports of the field no joys can compare,
 Gay pleasure's light footsteps we trace ;
 We run down dull sloth, and we distance old Care,
 Rosy health we o'ertake in the chace,

Hark ! forward's the cry, &c.

S O N G.

HARK, hark to the sound of the sweet winding
 horn,

It invites to the chace, and awakens the morn ;

Hark, &c.

Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,
 While echo enraptur'd repeats the blithe strain,

Diana, &c.

While Bacchus deprives us of reason and wealth,
 The sports of the field give both pleasure and health,
 Such innocent pastimes ensure us all joys,

Where no business disturbs, no malice destroys ;

Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,

While echo enraptur'd repeats the blithe strain,

Diana, &c.

OF THE CHACE 97-98

S O N G.

TANTIVEE, tivee, tivee, tivee, high and low,
Hark! how the merry, merry horn does blow,
As thro' the lanes and meadows we go,
As pufs has run over the down;
When Ringwood and Rockwood, and Jowler and
Spring,
And Thunder and Wonder made all the woods
ring,
And horsemen and footmen, hey ding, a ding,
ding,
Who envies the pleasure and state of a crown.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow jolly boys,
Keep in with the beagles now whilst the scent lies,
The fiery fac'd God is just ready to rise,
Whose beams all our pleasure controls;
Whilst over the mountains and vallies we roll
And Wat's fatal knell in each hollow we toll;
And in the next cottage tope off a full bowl,
What pleasure like hunting can cherish the soul.

S O N G.

AWAY ye brave fox-hunting race,
Away, away to a bourn chace;

Let Ashton Park alone to day,
 For here will be the Royal play;
 See yonder's the covert, to horse let's be going,
 Throw, throw off the finder's then, honest *Will Owen*,
 Away ye brave, &c.

Unkennel quick, yon blaky ground,
 They'll have a touch for fifty pound;
 Hark, hark to *Soundwell*, that's a noble dog,
 Cross him my jolly lads, heux, heux the drag;
 The fox has broke covert, let none lag behind,
 We've had an entappeffe, she runs up the wind;
 Off with the chace hounds, ho!

Now, now the sportsmen shew:

Let *Lillywhore* and *Cæsar* run,

Tossopot and *Ruler*,

Capper and *Cooler*,

Pompey and *Gallant*, low 'em on.

Spur, switch, and then away, o'er hedges, and
 ditches

Without fear of necks, or galling your breeches;
 Blow a retreat, blow, blow, tantivee, tivee, ~~tivee~~,
 tivee,

If she runs down the wind she may chance to
 deceive ye.

A recheat, a recheat, tivee, tivee, tivee, tivee,
 Pox on't we're baulk'd, for by my soul,
 The vixen's just now earth'd, see here's the hole;
 Put in the tarriers—faith 'tis so,
 She's crept at least five yards below;

They're working—hark!—and lay at her so well,
They'll make her bolt, tho' 'twere as deep as hell:
'Tis done, 'tis done, she's snap'd, she's kill'd,
Hollo brave boys then from the field,
And jolly huntsman blow poor Reynard's knell.

S O N G.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my clothes and call'd for my groom;
Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the hounds,
Who, lively and mettlesome, frisk'd o'er the grounds;
The horses were saddled, fleet Dapple and Grey,
Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, hark, away.

It was now by the clock about four in the morn,
When we all gallop'd off to th^e sound of the horn;
Dick Garter, Will Tabble, and Tom at the Goose,
When all on a sudden out starts mistress Puss;
Men, horses, and dogs, not a moment would stay,
And Echo was heard to cry, hark! hark! away!

The chace was a fine one, she took over the plain,
Which she doubled, and doubled, again and again;
Till at length she took cover, return'd out of breath,
And I and Will Whistle were in at the death;
There in triumph of joy I the hare did display,
And I call'd to the horns, my boys, hark! hark!
away!

NIMROD'S SONGS

S O N G.

THE stag thro' the forest, when rous'd by the
horn,
Sore frightened, high bounding, flies wretched, forlorn,
Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds now in
view,
Speed doubles! speed doubles! they eager pursue.

But escaping the hunters again thro' the groves,
Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves;
Not so in his soul who from tyrant love flies;
The shaft overtakes him, despairing he dies.

G L E E.

HARK! the leafy groves resounding,
Echo to the bugle horn;
Swift the stag, with vigour bounding,
Leaps the brake and clears the thorn,

Ev'ry art his cunning trying,
Shafts arrest his eager flight;
High he leaps, the hounds full crying,
Takes the foil, now's out of sight.

Da Capo,

Twanging

